

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1921

No. 2

His Hour

When the dew is softly falling,
And the thrush is gently calling
To his mate upon the tree.
While fair nature is awaking,
And the day is slowly breaking,
Dearest Lord we come to Thee.

In Thy holy temple kneeling,
While the silvery bell is pealing,
With its prayerful melody.
And the waxen tapers lighting
Seem to be our souls inviting
To approach Thy treasury.

Humbly there expectant waiting
For the moment of intaking
Of Thy body to our hearts.
While our souls to Thee uniting,
And our love for Thee igniting,
By the grace which it imparts.

We remain intent adoring
For Thy gracious help imploring
In our many daily needs.
And we hope, that if amending,
Thou who art so condescending,
Wilt forgive us our misdeeds.

Precious time so swiftly flowing,
That we notice not its going,
While thou with us dost remain.
Blest the soul who watchful keeping
Doth employ these moments fleeting
Of Thy blessings to retain.

Ever more and more advancing
By the paths of love intrancing,
It foregoeth all the past.
While Thy love that soul embracing,
And from it all else effacing
It becometh Thine at last.

Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

'THE MOUNTAIN ROSE'

REV. C. D. MCENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

It was a dark, rainy night, and the two priests were sitting before the open fireplace with a collection of old curios between them. Father Casey had taken out of the bottom drawer of his cabinet and was exhibiting the souvenirs he had picked up here and there on three continents.

"It's nothing but an empty leather wallet!" exclaimed Father Kerwin tossing back the article he had been examining.

"Ah," said the elder priest taking it up with a sigh, "it's nothing but an empty leather wallet, but it represents a history, or more properly, a tragedy—a double tragedy."

Father Kerwin settled back in his chair for the story which he knew was coming. Father Casey sat for some minutes looking sadly into the fire; at length he began:

"It was a night like this at my first mission down in the lead country. Kevin O'Donnell and I, buttoned up snug in our raincoats, on our tough Texan ponies, were on our way—at least, so we thought, God help us—to his wedding with Rose Blanchard, which was to take place on the morrow at the Blanchard home up in the foothills.

"We had been jogging steadily along ever since two o'clock and now slowed down to a walk as we neared the river and got into the heavy black soil of the 'Bottoms'. This gave us more opportunity for confidential conversation. I always enjoyed Kevin's company, for I liked the young man. Good reason I had to do so. He was 'pure gold' if ever man was. In those early days and in that pioneer country it required strong faith and genuine moral courage for a young man to go up to the railing and receive Holy Communion every Sunday—and that is what Kevin did. He had a deep love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. How often had I heard the quick patter of his pony's hoofs galloping down the road of an evening and his deep, clear voice singing some lively song. But there was always a momentary break in the song as he passed before the church, and I knew—and thanked my good God—that my young parishioner was whispering a salutation

to the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. I counted myself singularly blessed that he was about to bring a Catholic wife to his cabin so near the church, for I hoped that the example and influence of one model family would go far towards instilling real Catholicity into my rough and somewhat irreligious pioneer flock. For all that, I frequently found myself wondering whether young O'Donnell had showed good judgment in consecrating the intense loyalty of his manly heart to the petted beauty who was known throughout all that region as 'The Mountain Rose'. It was some such thought as this which made me remark just then:

"I must say, Kevin, I should have been much better pleased had Rose consented to come over to the church where the marriage could have been celebrated with Mass and Holy Communion. I know it is a long way and the roads and weather are abominable. But it is starting the right way—and married life is serious business. I doubt if the roads or the weather would have been a hindrance to your hardy Mountain Rose, but we could not have had the grand celebration in our poor little church that we shall have in her father's house—and her woman's vanity wanted that.

Kevin was silent, and I felt like kicking my stupid self for saddening him by my uncalled-for remark. He was as desirous of a thoroughly Catholic marriage as I. In fact he had received Holy Communion that very morning in preparation. The one little drop of bitterness in his overflowing cup of joy this night was the fact that his bride-to-be had exhibited more vanity than piety by refusing to agree to a quiet wedding with Mass and Communion in the little church rather than a grand celebration in her father's house. Seeing my mistake, I hastened to change the subject by coming back to a question upon which I had often lectured him before.

"Look here, young man, I said, promise me that, once you are married, you will quit burrowing into those old hills looking for the rich vein of ore that you'll never find, but get down like an honest farmer and raise a sure and honest crop. Your quarter section has some of the finest land on the ridge—"

"I knew that, Father, before I traded for it. That's why I picked it out."

"Which proves, said I, your correct farmer instinct. And so, quit burrowing and get to farming.

"'But, Father, burrowin' is fun.'"

"As a boy, you could afford to give your time to fun, but not now when you become a paterfamilias.

"What's them names you're callin' me?"

"I say, when you are the paterfamilias, the man of the house—the—the—

"Oh, the boss of the roost!"

"Precisely! The prospecting fever is nothing but the gambling fever under a more respectable name. We don't want the Conscript Fathers of Lead City to be gamblers.

"Did it ever strike you, Father,' he asked with his cheery laugh, 'that a blind mole often burrows into good pickins? And I haven't gone about my burrowin' blind, either.'

"Here we pulled up our horses at the edge of the river, then loosed the reins while the tired animals drank greedily of the turbid water. The stream was badly swollen from the long rains, and the water looked black and threatening—what we could see of it in the darkness.

"At this point a ferry plied back and forth by means of a pulley running on a heavy steel cable, which cable was securely fastened to an oak tree on either bank. We could see the faint light in the window of the ferry man's cabin on the opposite side. Kevin gave three shrill whistles.

"I kinda thought maybe they'd a told Old Bill to be on this side waitin' for us,' he said.

"The words were few and simple—the words of our pioneers always are so when they speak of their strongest interior emotions—but I perceived from his tone how bitterly he was disappointed. He had not doubted that the ferry would be waiting for us and that 'The Mountain Rose' would be one of its passengers.

"Young O'Donnell's signal whistle had apparently failed to reach the ears of the boatman. We waited for a tense minute but could perceive nothing except the swish of the black waters and the faint glimmer of the light in the boatman's shanty. At length, with a muttered exclamation of impatience, my companion drew his revolver and fired two quick shots. As the reports reverberated among the hills, a hoarse answering shout came faintly from the opposite shore, and it was good to hear, but simultaneously there rang out another sound which sent a chill of horror through our bones. It was a woman's piercing shriek rising from the river; it could scarcely have been more than twenty feet away.

"'Good God!' cried Kevin snatching up the reins. I heard his Texan's forefeet splash into the water, when suddenly he stopped, wheeled, and came back to my side.

"'Take this, Father,' he said, handing me this leather wallet, 'and give it to "the Mountain Rose" as soon as you have tied the knot tomorrow. It is the wedding gift I have prepared for her. If anything happens, tell her—'

"The rest of the sentence was drowned by the splashing of his pony as it breasted the current. Scream on scream rose from the helpless woman. Strain as I would, I could get no glimpse of her in the darkness, but the sound clearly showed that she was being rapidly carried towards the center of the stream. The few brief moments Kevin had consumed in placing in safekeeping his gift to 'The Mountain Rose' had made the work of rescue doubly difficult and hazardous. In fact, to this day I am convinced that it was the delay caused by this act of thoughtfulness for the girl he loved that cost him his life. How utterly unworthy was Rose Blanchard of the devotion of this great manly heart! But I am getting ahead of my story.

"Kevin's pony made a landing on the opposite bank an eighth of a mile down stream. The drenched woman, half dead from exposure and fright, was in the saddle. She told how her cabin had been destroyed by the rising water, how, while clinging to the wreckage she had heard the shots and had screamed for help, how O'Donnell, guided by her cries had reached her, helped her into the saddle, and then struck out himself for the nearest shore.

"Early next morning we found his lifeless body tangled in the debris further down the river. Our men pointed with pride to a deep wound just beside his right temple.

"'He was knocked senseless by a floating beam. That's what got him, 'cause there ain't no river in the world Kevin O'Donnell couldn't swim!' they said.

"During the long hours I sat by the corpse of my truest and staunchest friend, I thanked Providence for the merciful death which had spared his loyal heart the knowledge of the perfidy of Rose Blanchard."

"Why, what had she done?" asked Father Kerwin.

"The very day before the wedding she had eloped with an oily tongued adventurer who appealed to her vain and selfish nature by lying boasts of his great riches. That is why there was no one to meet us at the ferry."

"And the leather wallet—what did it contain?"

"The deed to a prospect claim which O'Donnell had named 'The Mountain Rose'. He knew he had struck 'pay dirt', and, in fact, it developed into the richest lead mine in all that country. When Kevin's relatives heard the story, they refused to touch a cent of the price. By mutual agreement the proceeds were devoted to the building and endowment of an institution where grateful orphan children learn to know and bless the name of one of nature's truest noblemen—Kevin O'Donnell.

"Thus ends the tragedy of the black leather wallet," said Father Casey.

FACES AND CHARACTER

Two young women in the parlor of a celebrated photographer were waiting, somewhat patiently, their turn for a sitting. They had consulted the mirror and each other, had strengthened every bow and ornament, had skilfully brushed the abundant hair into its most becoming waves and tendrils, yet still they were obliged to wait. When the studio door was finally opened and two middle-aged ladies emerged, the eyes of the girls ran swiftly over the face and figure of the one who had evidently been before the camera.

"Dear me. All this time wasted on her?" whispered one pair of rosy lips. "When I get to be as old and as homely as that I'll not bother with having pictures taken, I can tell you."

But the artist was even then expressing to a friend his satisfaction with his sitter.

"I like to have that kind of a face—a face that is full of character," he said. "That patient steadfastness in the eyes, the strong lines about the mouth will come out finely. Pretty faces are plentiful enough—they mean nothing except that care and time have not yet touched them—but strong, sweet faces have to be chiseled out, year by year, by some workman within."

So the careless young woman is even now deciding what her face of the future will be, and somewhere, whether she chooses or not, it will be plainly pictured.—*Exchange*.

An "unkindness has no remedy at law"; let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.

Devotion To Our Lady in The Far East

A FIESTA IN THE PHILIPPINES

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.

Opon is a flourishing town on the island of Mactan. It may be reached by launch from Cebu (the second or third largest town in the Philippines) in 25 minutes. Mactan island has a population of about 25,000 inhabitants, and readers of history will remember that it was at Mactan that (four hundred years ago) the great explorer Magellan lost his life. The island contains two parishes, Opon and Cordova. These are at present under the spiritual care of Redemptorist Fathers from Ireland and Australia.

Many people all over the Visayan group of the Philippine Islands turn their thoughts to Opon as the 21st of November draws near every year: for this date brings the feast of Our Lady of Opon, Nuestra Señora Virgen de la Regla. Many Filipinos in their dangers on sea or land, or in times of poverty or sickness turn in their distress to Our Lady of Opon and promise a visit to her sanctuary on her feast-day. Many also promise to visit her shrine to pour out their thanksgiving for favours received from that great Mother of God whom men never invoke in vain.

The statue of Our Lady de la Regla is enthroned over the High Altar in the Church of Opon. It is a small-sized statue of Our Lady holding her Divine Child in her arms. Both figures are richly clothed and are adorned with precious gifts given in thanksgiving for favours received.

Long before the 21st of November last year preparations were made for the fiesta. The President of the *pueblo* and many of the leading citizens held meetings at the Convento, and discussed and arranged with the Pastor, Father Byrne, C. Ss. R., the programme of the feast-day celebrations. An Executive Committee was formed with the President of the town as its honorary President and the Pastor as its Treasurer. A Reception Committee was also formed, and a Decoration Committee as well as various Committees to arrange sports and contests, for the fiesta united civic celebrations to its religious ceremonies.

These committees went speedily to work and when the novena for

the feast began the pueblo was already gay with flags and bunting by day, and with lamps and lights by night. The novena was celebrated by Mass every morning and prayers and a hymn to Our Lady. As the feast-day approached little groups of travellers might be seen on all the roads leading to Cebu. They carried in little bundles a change of clothing and a small supply of food sufficient to last them a few days. These were the poorer pilgrims coming from afar to celebrate the feast of Our Lady of Opon. On the eve of the feast the number of pilgrims increased and the trains coming from the north and south to Cebu poured out throngs of people who were making their way to Opon. Then began a busy time for water-craft on the sea between Opon and Cebu. As many as five steamers were plying a busy trade to and fro all day long. Still more numerous were the little launches which ran in and out among the steamers. And the native sailing craft dotted the sea on all sides. It has been calculated that there were 30,000 visitors to Opon for Our Lady's fiesta.

The fiesta of 1920 was especially memorable because of the fact that it was honoured by the presence of the Representative of His Holiness the Pope. A few days previous to the fiesta His Excellency Mgr. Petrelli, Apostolic Delegate, had arrived in Cebu, on his return to Manila from Zamboanga. He graciously accepted the invitation of the Father Superior of Opon to be present at the fiesta celebrations and to sing solemn Pontifical Mass on the 21st.

At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 20th a beautiful launch (lent for the occasion by the American oil refining company of Opon) brought the distinguished visitor, accompanied by several Priests, to the pier of Opon. Here he was met by the leading civil authorities of the pueblo and thousands of people. A detachment of municipal police attended to do him honour, and amidst the crash of music, and the pealing of bells, and the detonations of mortars, his Excellency was conducted to the Convento. Dense throngs of people pressed forward to see and greet him on his way.

Night had already fallen when the statue of Our Lady was placed on the triumphal car prepared for it. The church was crowded within, but twenty churches would not have held the throngs of people who waited outside for the beginning of the procession. The appearance of the car and the accompanying priests, at the church door, was greeted by a thunder of jubilee. The bells of the church rang out in full peal; the drums rolled and the music crashed; detonators exploded;

rockets shot up into the air, and many-coloured lights flared and shone on all sides.

The procession looked a truly fine sight as it moved through the streets. Every house was illuminated and many houses bore very graceful decorations of those lanterns and lights of various colours so much beloved by the people of the East: and so beautiful too when seen in the lovely calm nights of the tropics of the Orient.

To the sound of music, and amid the deafening explosion of detonators and mortars, and the loud whizzing of rockets as they winged their fiery way into the heavens, the triumphal car moved along accompanied by a huge crowd who came to proclaim their love of the Mother of God. Many things contributed to make the procession remarkably beautiful: the crowd clad in the gay colours of the dress of the tropics; the endless illuminations by the way; the brilliancy of a full-mooned tropical night, and—center of all attractions—the high triumphal car that in a blaze of light bore the image of Mary and her Son. As the car moved along towering above the people she surely showered blessings on these her children of the Far East who bore such a deep love of her in their hearts and who prayed to her so earnestly to help them in their needs.

On the 21st, the actual feast-day, Masses were celebrated in the church from 4 A. M. until 8 A. M. and very many people who had been to confession on the eve and on the morning of the feast, received Holy Communion. The number to receive Communion would be far greater had there been priests enough to hear the confessions of the crowds who were eager to confess. But, alas, it is the old, sad story: "The harvest indeed is great and the labourers few".

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate never misses an opportunity of giving practical proof of his love of the Filipino people. And the Opon people will not soon forget how he honoured their pueblo this year. He himself sang their fiesta Mass. His Excellency was assisted by some of the Cebu priests and some members of the Community of Opon. A number of other priests and visitors assisted in the sanctuary. The church was densely packed and large crowds were assembled outside, unable to enter the building.

Immediately after the Mass a native priest, the Pastor of Barili (Cebu), preached an energetic sermon. He not only urged the people to devotion to the Mother of God but exhorted them to follow her example of goodness. She saved her divine Son from the dangers

threatened by Herod (the preacher reminded them) and they should preserve the rising generation from the many dangers which threaten on all sides.

The sermon over, the veneration of the Statue began. So great was the crush of people eager to venerate the image of their heavenly Mother that strong barricades had to be set up to maintain order in the surging crowds. For many long hours of the day a stream of people passed before the Statue venerating it as they passed. Many would have wished to kneel and remain before it, but they were hurried along to make room for the waiting crowds. Promptness and well-maintained order were the only means of satisfying the devotion of all: *as many as one hundred people* passed before, and venerated the Statue, *every five minutes*. Many of the pilgrims remained in Opon for two or three days and went to confession and received Holy Communion after the feast was over.

It would be too long to describe the games and amusements which accompanied the fiesta. It is worthy of remark that in many of the sports the children of several of the government schools took part, entering into a friendly contest sometimes among themselves and sometimes with the children of the Catholic schools. For although the American government set up a system of godless education in the Philippines the children who frequent the state schools are practically all Catholic.

The fiesta of Our Lady of Opon has come and gone, and the pilgrims have returned home. But surely our great heavenly Mother has rewarded them. They have taken a new blessing to their homes and have received renewed strength in their hearts. There is no doubt but the memory and grace of the fiesta of Our Lady of Opon will accompany many poor souls along their life's journey, helping and cheering them in their days of difficulty and stress.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log, at last, dry, bald and sear:
 A lily of a day,
 Is fairer far, in May,
 Although it fall and die that night;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures, life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

A Blind Man

BIBLE STUDY: LUKE XVIII, 35-43

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

Flowers and thorns! "Now it came to pass, when he drew nigh to Jericho that a certain blind man sat by the wayside, begging." Wonderful is the contrast which these few words present! Heaven has given us the choicest flower it bears: the Son of God, come to be our Savior. Earth has ripened these thistles of human misery: blindness and beggary. But as the rays of the rising sun banish the shadows of night, so at the approach of Jesus, the radiance of His Love will chase away all gloom from our hearts—if only we will have it so.

a. Jesus draws nigh. Long centuries ago the hosts of Israel came to Jericho. That was a hostile approach. God had given the city into their hands. As they carried the Ark around its walls, amid the clangor of trumpets and the shout of the people, the walls toppled down and the city was taken and plundered, and Josue cursed the man who would rebuild it. (Josue VI, 1-25.) The city was rebuilt; and now Our Lord draws nigh. He comes to bless. All around Him there is a wealth of flowers and the air is fragrant with their perfume, so much so that the learned explain the very meaning of the name Jericho as "fragrance". Tall, stately palms nod their plumes in the balmy air. The palaces of Hedor the Great may be descried long ere one enters the city. Our Lord's thoughts are upon us. He is thinking of His death. With His apostles, He speaks of His death which will be consummated within a few weeks. (St. Luke XVIII, 31-34.)

b. The Blind Man was sitting along the wayside, probably quite near the city-gate. His wretchedness is almost painful to contemplate. Tobias was blind, and we recall his desolate moan: "What manner of joy shall be to me, who sit in darkness, and see not the light of heaven?" To hear the merry laugh of children, feel the cheerful glow of springtime, breathe in the sweet scent of the roses and yet not see them! Oh, what an impassable chasm sunders him from the world around! What isolation and loneliness envelops him in a shroud of sadness! Not only was he blind, but also a beggar. Unfit for work, he is cast off by his family and sent out to the highways to beg. Hours pass by and days wear away while he waits and pleads for a penny or a crumb. We pity him and wish that an angel would come to him

as once he came to Tobias: "And the young man said to him: Be of good courage, thy cure from God is at hand". (Tobias V, 12-13.)

MORE CLEAR-SIGHTED THAN RICH.

Yes, we pity him; and crowds passed him by and pitied him; and perhaps our pity and theirs was tinged with a secret pride and self-satisfaction. He was blind in bodily eyes; but the eyes of his soul were far-seeing, for he had faith, clear and strong. Gold and silver of earth he had none; but he had prayer, and that opened to him the treasures of God! As heaven excels earth and the soul surpasses the body, so his sight and wealth must be appraised!

a. His faith and prayer are amazing! As if a beam of light would flash from ashes, or a tuneful melody emerge from the noisy katy-did. His eyes were sealed with the darkness of night, and yet he possessed the light and sight to penetrate the mysteries of God. His lips had ever mumbled about the coins and scraps of earth, and now they plead clearly and distinctly for the wealth and riches of heaven. "And when he heard the multitude passing by, he asked what this meant. And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. And he cried out saying: Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me."

1) Examine into the source of his spiritual blessings. It was his good-will. He was reasonably and sincerely interested in the things of God. He heard that crowd surging by. But many and many a time he heard similar crowds passing along that road, going up to Jerusalem for the various yearly feasts. He heard the confused mingling of many voices; and over and above the chaffering and shouting, his keen ear caught some words that riveted his attention. Nor was he content to think of them. Nor was he repelled by the apparent confusion. No, he made bold to ask for information. Some may have shrugged their shoulders and hurried on; thinking that he was begging for a coin. But he persisted in his efforts nevertheless. He was alert and wide-awake in the matter of his soul's salvation. He was not slow to see and employ the proper means. He did so even at the risk of sneers and rebuffs. The golden seeds of God's holy word had fallen on good soil in his heart. No demon-bird could pluck it away; no concerns of earth could choke it. His fruits grew; and now delighted the Sower!

2) Compare his dispositions of soul with the superficial levity of the crowds. The crowds speak of Jesus and call Him simply Jesus of Nazareth. No divine faith was required for this. They could know

that by hearsay all through the land. When Pilate condemned Him to the cross, he gave Our Lord this title as mark of derision: Jesus of Nazareth! On the other hand, let us scrutinize more closely the words of the Blind Man. His faith stands out gloriously: "Jesus, Son of David". When the Apostle Philip found Our Lord, he hastened to bring the good news to his friend Nathanael, saying: "We have found him of whom Moses in the Law, and the prophets did write, Jesus, the son of Joseph of Nazareth". Hardly had he heard these words than Nathanael burst forth into earnest remonstrance: "Can anything of good come from Nazareth?" (St. John I, 45-46.) When the common people learn that Our Lord comes from Nazareth, they refuse to believe in Him; "Doth the Christ come out of Galilee?" (St. John VII, 41.) When the learned Pharisees try to refute Nicodemus who defends the cause of Our Lord, their chief contention lies in the words: "Art thou also a Galilean? Search the Scriptures, and see that out of Galilee a prophet riseth not". (St. John VII, 52.) This Blind Man now hears the crowds telling him that Christ comes of Nazareth in Galilee; and still his faith is not shaken in the least. He accords Our Lord that title: "Son of David," which is ever distinctive of the Messias. He does so not secretly and timidly; but publicly and crying aloud. He not only professes his faith, but goes on to give testimony of his trust by prayers: "Have mercy on me!" Short and simple are his words; yet they appeal to that one attribute of Mercy which above all is dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

b. His firmness and loyalty must triumph! "And they that went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace. But he cried out much more: Son of David, have mercy on me!"

1) The great crowd was moving forward and its progress could not be stemmed by the poor Blind Man. It must have been distressing and discouraging to him when his prayers earned nothing but a rebuke and a command to be silent. In such a motley crowd, the motives for words so harsh could be manifold. Some may not have seen Jesus before and did not as yet believe in Him as Messias. Others may have believed, but their rebuke was inspired by a sort of disdain for the mean and shabby rags of that beggar: They could not brook that he should detain the Christ. Others may have been inspired by regard for Our Lord; because He seemed to be in haste. St. Mark seems to supply the details on this point: "And they were in the way going to Jerusalem. And Jesus went before them, and they were astonished;

and following Him, were afraid". (St. Mark X, 32.) Some perhaps animated by human prudence, dreaded the impression these exclamations might make on the inhabitants of Jericho. Whatever may have been their motives, they could not cow nor overawe the Blind Man.

2) He cried out much more. Hindrance and opposition only whetted his desire, and nerved his resolution. Besides he must shout all the louder now to overtop the voices of the critics and so to reach Our Lord. He did not succumb to human respect; did not permit a few censurers to stifle his faith. We must admire that venerable figure, nearly crushed by wretchedness; yet boldly defying the crowd. Once Peter had walked on the waters till his faith gave way, and he began to sink. Only when stretching out his hand to his Savior in prayer was he rescued. So this Blind Man: had his faith yielded now as the waves of censure and opposition rolled upon him, he would have continued in blindness and beggary. But his faith did not waver and he was healed. Alas for ourselves! We dread the crowds; we cringe and shudder before a few glittering catchwords of progress and science and our faith is hushed and prayer dies on our lips.

THE WORD OF MERCY AND POWER.

Men boast of philanthropy and universal kindness; yet men could bid a blind man be quiet and remain blind. Men boast of their tactfulness in dealing with one another; yet they know not how to deal with God in prayer. At the beginning of this chapter XVIII, vv. 1-6, Our Lord had given us the solemn and impressive lesson "that we ought always to pray, and not to faint". We may take Him at His word!

a. "And Jesus standing commanded him to be brought unto Him." While the Blind Man was inquiring into the cause of the hubbub around him, Our Lord had passed. The crowd was so dense, that He could not come to the poor sufferer. Our Lord paused and surely this occasioned a murmur of wonderment and all eyes now turned to the Blind Man. Of course, Our Lord knew all things, and He knew of the wishes and prayers of the Beggar, yet seemed not to heed them. Thus He tries our fervor and perseverance in prayer. He stood and made the whole crowd stop and pause with Him. So one prayer can sway the Might of God and all His works and the laws of nature. Jesus commands that men should bring the Beggar. Thus He corrects their former blunder: never keep anyone away from Our Lord; just the

contrary; bring all to Christ. Happy the friend, the parent, the teacher that brings a soul to Our Lord. True He could have cured that man at a distance; but He does not wish us to remain at a distance; He desires us to come close to Him.

b. "And when he was come near, He asked him, saying: What wilt thou that I do to thee? But he said: Lord, that I may see. And Jesus said: Receive thy sight, thy faith hath made thee whole." Well enough did Our Lord know his wish, yet He longs to hear our prayers. Jesus speaks in full consciousness of Omnipotence: "What wilt thou that I do to thee?" Fear not to exceed the limits of My ability; "for all power is given Me in heaven and earth". (St. Matthew XXVIII, 18.) And the prayer of that Blind Man possessed all the qualities to make it irresistible with God. It was humble: for he admits his misery and blindness. It was confident: for he proves his trust by word and deed. It was persevering: for he does not lament about any weariness in repeating the self-same petition so often; he continues to pray when we would have left off.

"And immediately he saw, and followed Him, glorifying God."

Four things are required of a woman—that virtue should dwell in her heart, that modesty should shine upon her brow, that sweetness should flow from her lips, and that labor should employ her hands.

MY PRAYER

Oh, dear Saviour, my Redeemer,
Who hath borne such pains for me,
Help me steer through life's temptations
Safely guide across life's sea.

Let no evil e'er befall me
As I toil from day to day;
So acquaint me with Thy presence
That I may not go astray.

Be my Comforter in sorrow,
Share my joys when I am glad,
Make me ever to be grateful
When I'm happy or when sad.

Give me then, sweet Jesus, courage,
Set my patience to a test—
That at last my toil-worn spirit
In Thy love shall gently rest.

J. J. Antoncich.

The Favor of the Emperor

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

I.

In the Circus the mob shouted. The priestesses of Vesta, clad in white, stretched out their hands with thumbs turned down, and at that sign, a young heart, strong and eager to live, was ripped by the jagged edge of a sword and its blood spilt upon the sands of the arena.

Majestically the still youthful Emperor Nero sat under his canopy of purple and gold, surrounded by the patricians and senators of Rome, watching the bloodcurdling games that amused the rude mob.

Blood flowed freely—blood of slaves—blood of barbarians! "Hail to thee, Caesar, dying we salute thee!" So had the gladiators called up to the Emperor as they paraded by the canopy, before beginning their sport; and many a one had fallen, fair and glorious, and gasped out his last sigh in the sand. They were slaves mostly, these gladiators, set apart, drilled, fed and fattened so to say for these gruesome games, and their lives were worth as much to patrician and Emperor as that of one of their war horses. They were barbarians, blond, fair, grey-eyed Huns from the snowy Alps, Goths from the north, Greeks from the East. "Morituri te salutant!" Dying we salute thee!

What was there to the life of such as these! Nero had no heart of wax to be melted by the groans of a dying slave! One after another was hurled to the ground, and the victorious champion, standing above his luckless brother, looked questioningly to the tender-hearted (?) Vestal Virgins for the sentence. Life and death lay in their hands. The vanquished lifts a bleeding arm imploringly toward them. Life—life—he pleads. In the moment of death, Oh how beautiful, how attractive life seems to him—even the poor life of a gladiator. Even he had someone to love: far away in the northern homeland an old, gray mother sat alone and forlorn; beyond the city walls, the cherished girl, the betrothed, wept as she thought of her beloved—making sport with his blood that she loved so well—in the gladiatorial games. No, not death—life.

Look! The Vestal Virgins stretch forth their girlish hands. Ah, thumbs down. It is not their lover! And the thrilling blood of youth again reddens the sands.

At last the gladiatorial games are over. Scattered here and there over the arena lay the bloody corpses of the vanquished. Look at those strong, powerful bodies—capable of carrying the Roman Eagles into the farthest part of the world. But there they lay—victims of the bloodthirsty pleasure of the Roman mob, that clapped and shouted for joy as each fell and the red heart's blood spurted from some ghastly wound.—The corpses were dragged upon a heap and removed.

Yet the mob sat on. What now? Was this not enough for one day? Is the thirst for pleasure unsatiable? Another sport had been promised them.

Lo! One of the massive trap-doors that line the side walls of the circus drops, and a procession files out into the amphitheater, calm, collected and peaceful, as if they were going to the House of God for some Sacred Rite. Men and women were there; old men and children: they marched toward the center of the arena. The pillars of the great amphitheater shook with the cry of the spectators that greeted their coming: it was a cry of triumph whose undertone was horror and hate.

"The Christians! The Christians to the beasts!"

Calm and collected and peaceful still, unheeding the outcry, the procession in the arena moved on. A white-haired old man was the leader; to right and left of him walked a lad in his teens, gently supporting the old man. Behind them came reverently men and women, whose faces shone with an unearthly beauty that you would have sought in vain on Rome's thoroughfares.

"The Christians! The Christians!" the cry became a beastly howl of fury.

With a loud clank another trap-door opened. Bounding high into the air, two starved tigers leaped into the arena. Thousands and thousands of hoarse throats shouted with glee. The wild beasts halted—glanced about them—perceived their prey—and their hungry snarls were mingled with the cries of the mob.

Slowly, sneakingly, with grim playfulness they crept closer to the little band of Christians. They crouched to the ground as if preparing to leap. The shouts of the mob died on their lips and a deep hush of expectancy fell upon that throng. In the next instant they would see blood.

But lo! The tigers arise and like lambs lie down at the feet of the white-haired old man, who stands there with arms outstretched and eyes raised to heaven. Around him, the others were on their knees.

"*Laudate pueri Dominum, laudate nomen Domini,*" chanted the venerable priest, for such was the old man. "Praise ye the Lord, ye children, praise ye the Lord!" Gently but clearly his voice rang on the stillness like a magic song. Not a man in the mob stirred.

"*Sit nomen Domini benedictum,*" answered the faithful: "Blessed be the name of the Lord, from henceforth now and forever!"

Like images of stone the thousands sat motionless in their seats.

"*A solis ortu usque ad occasum,*" sang the Christians, as if they were in the still vaults of the catacombs. "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the name of the Lord is worthy of praise."

As if bound by some potent spell, the mob looked on in silence.

"*Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus.*" "The Lord is high above all the nations, and his glory above the heavens."

The voices thrilled with confidence and joy. The heathens were mute with astonishment.

"*Quis sicut Dominus.*" "Who is as the Lord, our God, who dwelleth on high and looketh down on the low things in the heavens and on the earth."

There was triumph and exultation in their song as they concluded. The white-haired priest let his arms sink till they rested upon the raven locks of the boys who knelt by his side. Once more he blessed them all.

As if the determined sign had been given, the tigers now sprang to their feet—tigers again—and bounded back some distance from the doomed group of Christians. A smile played on every face of the little flock—the light of heaven shone in their eyes. One moment—the tigers crouched to the very sand—a graceful leap—swift as the lightning—and the beast in the arena and the beast in the breast of the Roman mob was sated.

Christian blood reddened the sand.

II.

Deep red glowed the sun as it set, as if it had drunk in the blood of the martyrs and poured it out again on the clouds that drifted in the west. Awhile the white palaces of Rome glittered in the purple glow. Then dusk came down upon the city—but rest not yet. Long the streets were busy: there was a mad rushing hither and thither of the dispersing mob and the clatter of chariots on the stony pavement.

But outside the walls, along the Appian Way, where the dead slept,

things were quieter. Thither no one went in search of pleasure or on pastime bent. Only few came to the marble tombs to think of their dead.

A solitary youth trudged along the lonely way in deep thought. His hands clutched a fold of his toga over his breast as if it meant to tear out his heart. His eyes burned with conflicting emotions. Evidently a deep grief was master of his soul.

It was Marcellinus, the son of the Senator Claudius, Rome's proudest senator. Slowly he wended his way toward one of the tombs where the dust of his forefathers lay, and sat down upon a bench beside it. It was now already night: the rising moon was pouring a flood of silvery light over the marble mausoleums. Marcellinus, however, took no notice of the pageant unfolded before him. He too had been at the Amphitheater that day, with his Preceptor Severus, but he had been there only perforce. And while the gladiators fought he closed his eyes or talked with his companion lest he see the bloody spectacle. It nauseated him.

The Senator Claudius, a hard man, whose three elder sons had fallen in battle for Rome's glory, could not understand this his youngest and only remaining son. It was true, despite his sixteen years, Marcellinus was shy and bashful as a girl. Time and again it brought the glow of shame to his own cheek to think of it. His mates, boys of his own age, had already won a name in the city; only he, the Senator's son, stood apart and seemed to be afraid of everyone. And yet, a fierce ambition smoldered in his bosom, to do great things. But not—not Roman things!

His father ridiculed, punished him at times, even, for a pussyfoot. His mother too, Agrippina, in whose veins flowed Rome's proudest and bluest blood, despised her child, because he was like neither herself nor his father. Thus misunderstood, Marcellinus had no one in whom he could confide, no one who could sympathize with him.

Who could possibly understand him? Rome then was a melting-pot of vice and iniquity: murder, adultery, treason, injustice stalked in the broad daylight. If he could only have joined with the youths of his own age! If he could devote his strength to brawls and bloody sport! If he could sink himself into the slimy depths of sin to find there forgetfulness and pleasure! But no; he shrank from evil; blood and shame he loathed with all his heart. He longed for something, he knew not exactly what: something like love or joy; something pure as

the sun, soft as the moonlight that lay upon the marble tombs around him.

Such were Marcellinus' thoughts as he sat by the mausoleum that night. Suddenly he became aware that silent forms of men and women were hurrying along the Appian Way.

"No doubt," he said to himself, "they are come to visit the tombs of their dead." And he resumed his musings.

But more came, and yet more; close by him they walked, without, however, taking notice of his presence. Not far away, where a clump of cypress trees stood like hooded sentinels, they disappeared into the earth. This roused his curiosity. Was it not late? Who could these people be? What could they mean? Despite his native fear, he rose to follow them. As he did so, he heard steps approaching from behind. He slipped quickly into the shadow of one of the tombs. Two men, completely muffled in the wide folds of their togas, passed close by him toward the cypresses, and descended into the crypt.

Marcellinus waited breathlessly for awhile. Then he shot a nervous, frightened glance up and down the white Appian Way, and listened. All was still. He darted between the ghostly shadows of the tombs over to the cypresses, where he found a well-concealed opening leading into the earth. He descended in darkness so black that his natural timidity almost regained mastery of him. But the mystery of it drove him on. At last he found himself in a lofty, long, narrow corridor. As he stepped suddenly into it, he saw at some distance farther on, a little yellow flame flickering from a vase of oil, and beside it, a tall, soldier-like youth: the shadows of the light as they fell upon him made his features seem sharp and immobile as those of a statue of a god. Marcellinus stopped. His heart beat almost audibly. The figure approached him and putting a hand on his shoulder said smilingly:

"You have lost your way, I fear, Marcellinus."

"Who are you?" asked Marcellinus, half afraid, half angry at the familiarity of the stranger.

"Don't you know me any more?" queried the latter.

"A dog of a Christian!" hissed Marcellinus now divining the situation. At that word all the bitterness of his hatred for the Christian name rose in his Roman breast.

"Yes," answered the other youth calmly, "I am a Christian."

"I hate the Christians! I abhor them!" cried Marcellinus, his eyes

flashing fire as he spoke. Strange, never yet had he addressed any man so courageously, so fiercely.

"You hate me, too, friend?" asked the stranger with an air of mildness and meekness which, however, did not in the least savor of fear or weakness. Marcellinus was taken aback. He stared into the black eyes of the stranger and his anger seemed to melt away. He had seen that face before—but where?

"I am Celsus," declared the Christian.

"Celsus?" asked Marcellinus in surprise; "Celsus, the son of the Pretor Titus?"

"He was my father," was the simple reply.

Marcellinus was silently eyeing the youth before him. Yes, he had known Celsus and had loved him. In fact, Celsus was in younger days the only companion in whom he had any confidence, or who understood him, or whom he could call friend. But one day Celsus had disappeared, and all Marcellinus' searching for him had been vain. Then he had slipped from his memory.

"Celsus!" he said at last, as if he could not quite believe his ears; "my friend, and you a Christian?"

"Come, Marcellinus," replied Celsus, disregarding the question; "let us go outside. The Christians are celebrating the Holy Mysteries yonder, we might disturb them." In his mind, no doubt, he thought too of making them safe.

Softly sweet through the earthen-vaulted corridor rang the echoes of the Christian chant. A strange but deep emotion overcame the son of the Senator Claudius as he stepped out once more into the open air, into the moonlit night. Celsus followed him. They sat down on one of the benches in the shadow of a tomb and the pagan lad began to sob. His heart was broken: a change had been wrought there which he himself did not understand. Celsus sat down beside him and putting his arm around his shoulders drew him toward himself. Marcellinus suffered him to do so unresistingly: was it not the first grateful compensation for the long loveless years of misunderstanding?

"Marcellinus," began Celsus affectionately, "what is the matter?" Marcellinus only wept. "Marcellinus," began Celsus again, "you are not happy, I see. You are thirsting for something which Rome cannot give. You have not found that for which you are seeking. Am I not right? Are you happy?"

"By Jupiter!" sighed the pagan youth. "No! I am not!"

"And I am inexpressibly happy!" It was almost exultation that sounded in Celsus's words, so fervent as to make the blood tingle in the other lad's veins. Marcellinus looked up and stared with open-eyed wonderment at his former friend.

"But how could you," he asked with a shake of his head, "how could you ever go over to these Christians—this fanatical sect of Jews, who murder children and worship an ass's head?"

"Man! Man!" laughed Celsus, full hearted joy in his laugh; "and how can you believe such a hoax?"

"Isn't it true?" asked Marcellinus, shocked to find his credulity ridiculed.

"It's fiction!" said Celsus with all the emphasis of plain truth and all the conviction of perfect frankness. "It's pure fiction! A lie!"

There was a moment of silence.

"Well, what is this Christianity, anyway?" queried the pagan youth at last.

Celsus drew himself up, as if what he was now about to speak of was so sacred as to demand a position of reverence. He spoke with kindling fervor.

"Christianity," he began, "is the Religion of the one true God in three persons, author of heaven and earth and all that is in it—who will make man, after a short period of probation in this life, eternally happy in the life to come. Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, true God at once and true man, who died on the Cross to redeem us from our sins, on the night before His death declared: 'Now this is eternal life: that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent'.—Marcellinus, everything beautiful, everything pure, everything good, everything loveable that you can imagine—all this our sweetest Saviour promises us, and more besides. That is why we are so happy despite persecution and hardships of every kind. That is why we smile in the very face of death; for, it is to us, not so much the end of this paltry life as the beginning of endless bliss."

Celsus paused. He had spoken the simple truths of the Gospel, but the effect it visibly produced on his hearer awed him. Marcellinus seemed to hear a fairy tale from some golden age; he could hardly believe it. Yet what a mighty force it exercised upon his heart. It gripped him. He longed to hear more, to know more. But Celsus reminded him that the hour was already late, and promised to bring him on the morrow to some priest to receive further instruction. He

would bring him to Peter himself, the Head of the Apostles, who had seen the Lord, whom the Lord had sent to preach the Gospel. He lay hidden in one of the houses of the city, for his life was being sought.—With that the two embraced and parted.

Out upon the Appian Way once more, where the moonlight lay between the shadows of cypresses like puddles of silver, Marcellinus stopped to rub his eyes and draw in a deep breath. Was it all a dream? Or was his heart really at rest?

(To be continued.)

IS THIS JERUSALEM?

In the Crusade of Peter the Hermit, where the hosts that marched were not filled after the usual compositions of armies, but contained along with the fighters whole families of people,—old men, women and children,—swept by the universal torrent of enthusiasm toward the Holy Land, the marches, as might have been expected, were tedious and painful. Long before Asia was reached, long before even Europe was half traversed, the little children in that travelling multitude began to fancy, with a natural impatience, that their journey must surely be drawing to an end. And every evening as they came in sight of some town which was the destination of that day's march, they cried out eagerly to those who were with them:

"Is this Jerusalem?"

No, poor children, not this town, nor the next, nor yet the next, is Jerusalem. Jerusalem is afar off, and it needs time, and strength, and much endurance to reach it. Seas and mountains, labor and peril, hunger and thirst, disease and death, are between Jerusalem and you.

So thinks many a one who strives after happiness in this life. Yet when, after tireless efforts, he has achieved wealth or honor or pleasure, and has heaped his joys Babel-high, his heart still remaining unsatisfied, and its every throb cries out:

"This is not yet Jerusalem,—not yet heaven."

Many men sit at the end of their lives beside the ruins of a wasted life. Anxiously they sought for mighty granite stones for a foundation, but found them not, and neglected the small stones, which, if they had been cemented together, would have made a comfortable house for withered age.

In Jungle Lands

A LETTER FROM THE REDEMPTORIST CONGO MISSIONS.

The following letter descriptive of a missionary's day in the Belgian Congo was written to the Belgian Redemptorist Monthly, "*Le Voix du Redempteur*". To follow the Conquistadores is the delight of every youthful reader in novel or history, and sends a thrill of admiration through every noble and manly breast. But the missionaries in distant, uncivilized lands are conquistadores also — of an infinitely nobler and higher type—requiring a holier zeal and a stouter heart. It will be a pleasure, then, to spend a day with one of these self-sacrificing heroes, on his work.

The letter reads:

"The Redemptorist Fathers of the Belgian Province undertook the missions in the Belgian Congo in 1899; since then, in 1911, their region was organized into a prefecture called 'of the Cataracts'. Msgr. Heintz, the valiant pioneer missionary, is the Prefect Apostolic, and is assisted at present by forty-five confreres—twenty-five fathers and twenty lay brothers, who with more than 300 catechists labor at the evangelization of that part of the Congo which is surely the least favored and the most dangerous. Twenty-five Redemptorists have already fallen in this wild battlefield, and united in heaven with the thousands of poor negroes whom they baptized and saved, they obtain for us an increase of converts numbering each year more than 1500. Yes, despite countless obstacles, God attracts hearts and the work of evangelization goes on.

"The long and perilous trips that must be made through the Congolese jungle are not unknown to you. Many a missionary has written of them—of all that is original and picturesque and surprising in them. But I wish to tell you of the apostolate we carry on in the cities—and will take you for a day's visit to the pastor of Matadi.

"Will you come along? Matadi—the Rocks—is the second city in the Congo as you go up the river—about eighty kilometres from the ocean; it is the port of the colony—the terminal of the railroad—the grand and daring achievement of little Belgium—enabling travellers to go from Matadi to Leopoldville in two days, a distance for which the old caravans used to require thirty days. Matadi counts 3000 inhabitants; you will see there three Protestant churches (English, Swiss,

and American), but also a pretty little Catholic chapel—visited every Sunday by more than 1200 faithful.

"Our ministry in this Congolese town is a great deal like parish ministry in European cities, and let it be said in passing, a great many Belgian priests would be deeply touched at the sight of the fervor of the Christians in our parish. On Sundays, the Masses at five and six-thirty are crowded—about 500 being present at each. At eight there is Mass for Europeans of the town and for educated blacks who prefer to hear instructions in French. In the afternoon there is Rosary and Visit to the Blessed Sacrament at which about 400 are present. During the week, Mass is offered at 5:15 for the workingmen, and another at 8:15. We generally have at least two hundred and fifty present—reciting in common morning prayer, rosary, preparation for Holy Communion, and singing. The way they frequent the Sacraments of Confession and Communion is most consoling: there are about thirty-two thousand Communions annually.

"After Holy Mass there is Catechism instruction for pagan women and for the children. They are divided into two groups, according as they belong to Upper or Lower Congo—because instructions must be given to each group in its own dialect. To attract attention, the native catechist must make them recite their lessons together, shrilly and rapidly and loud. A Father then gives a quarter of an hour's explanation and by 7:45 the session is over.

"That is the first catechism instruction; for from 11:30 to 12:30 the men—pagans—workingmen and soldiers, come in their turn for instructions preparatory for Baptism, and from 2:30 to 3:30 there are instructions for the boys or domestics of the European inhabitants. What enthusiasm they show—what perseverance, what sacrifices undertaken during the two years of their catechumenate! But the happiness of learning how to pray, of assisting at the beautiful ceremonies of the Church, of seeing themselves loved by the priest—all this, and above all the grace of God leads the catechumens on to the day, long desired, when they are at last able to call themselves: Catholics. Every year we have the happiness of receiving about 100 converts at Matadi.

"From 7:45 to 9:00 there is 'school' for the children: they are taught to read, write, and figure. The more intelligent get as far as the 'four operations' and attempt the French language. On account of lack of resources we cannot do more. How we wish that the kindness

of our generous friends would continue to help us in carrying forward this work of Christian and intellectual education!

"But it has just struck nine. The missionary mounts his pony and sets out to visit the sick. There are two hospitals at Matadi—the one belonging to the government—the other to the railway. You can meet there daily about 60 patients, the 'sons of Cham' carry in themselves the germs of many illnesses, to which they offer but little resistance. And the illnesses of Europe are brought to mingle with those of the tropics, as for example, malaria, typhoid, yellow fever, etc.

"Leaving the hospital we get into the lazaretto. An almost unbearable odor floats over these bodies tainted with sleeping sickness, dysentery, elephantiasis and beriberi. It almost turns your stomach. But take heart—for here you touch with your fingers, so to say, Divine Mercy. Look. The missionary bends over one of these afflicted ones of our Lord—over one of those who have only a few short hours to live. And if he is a pagan, he instructs him tenderly.

"*'Listen, my child,'* he says, holding the crucifix before the dying man's eyes, *'and learn the way to heaven.'* Then he explains to him the four great truths he must believe. Then he adds: *'My dear child, to get to heaven, you must believe in God, you must love Him with your whole heart, you must be united with the one, true and holy Catholic Church, you must be sorry for your sins, that is, for all your wicked deeds, you must receive Baptism, the divinely instituted Sacrament which removes original sin and all sins, makes us children of God, brothers of Jesus Christ and heirs of heaven . . . do you believe this, my dear child?'*

"Oh, the grace of Redemption is infinite, God is so merciful to the poor blacks—less endowed than we—the Redeemer is there by his bedside with open arms to receive him. The answer comes almost invariably: Yes, I do believe. If there is any hesitation, if the sick man can still wait a few days, the missionary leaves him, confident, convinced that he has sown the desire of Baptism in his heart. But time and again in serious cases, where there is not a moment to be lost, the regenerating water flows upon a brow already growing cold in death and with no witness but God and the angels, the missionary pronounces the word: *'My child, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'* How many have breathed their last immediately after—to see opened to them at once the golden gates of paradise.

"Add to such work, the assisting of Christians in their great journey to eternity—the administration of Viaticum, Extreme Unction—we gave the Sacraments to more than 500 dying in these six years—and you have an idea of our ministry among the wretched Congolese, so little appreciated by most Europeans. How quickly fatigue and the crushing heat of the tropic are forgotten when God gives us a chance to save souls for which He shed His Blood.

"By now it is 11 o'clock, and the missionary returns to his home, where he finds work to occupy until 3:30. Then he tries to take a little care of his own soul: he makes his spiritual reading, visits the Blessed Sacrament, recites his breviary, and devotes the last hours of the day to hearing the natives that come with their difficulties, quarrels, and differences; then he goes to the confessional to restore peace to troubled hearts.

"Is his day finished? Not yet. If there is still time he will visit one of the four parts of the city in order to encourage his Christians, to seek out lost sheep, to bring help as far as possible to those in wretched circumstances, and to inculcate in all the love of the Divine Being who longs to extend the reign of His Sacred Heart.

"At last, after a long day's work, we find the missionary again as in the morning, at meditation, examen of conscience and night prayer—then retire to rest to draw from it, by the grace of God and under the protection of His sweet Mother Mary, new strength and still greater zeal, to recommence his work on the morrow.

"There, dear friends, you have an ordinary day at Matadi."

JOS. DELWART, C. Ss. R.,

Missionary to the Congo.

A GRAVEYARD OF YOUR OWN

Every man should have a graveyard of his own. In it he should bury all of his mean thoughts, his hatreds, his animosities and evil aspirations; and bury them deep, so that there can be no resurrection. If you hear a bit of malicious gossip—bury it deep. If you have been nursing a feeling of hatred toward somebody for years—bury it. And when you have finally filled your graveyard with the worst that was in you—you will find the world and all that goes to make it a much better place than ever before.

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

REV. W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

CHAPTER II: A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

"One on me, Father," said Uncle Stanhope presenting Father Liscombe with a fragrant 'Havana', as the two men seated themselves comfortably on the porch, "and, you'll please excuse me a moment while I get at the 'inwards' of this letter."

The warm breeze from the South swept up through the pine-woods and the sun about to drop below the Western hills threw a mantle of gold across the sky. Far down in the heart of the forest the chuck-wills widow chanted her melancholy note. The laughter and singing of the negro children could be heard down at the quarters, softened by the distance. Father Liscombe leaned back in a rustic rocker and as he swung quietly to and fro his eyes were fixed with some curiosity on Uncle Stanhope's face, which was indeed a study, as he perused the letter written in a large flowing straight up and down girlish hand.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" he ejaculated with a tone of annoyance as he handed the letter to his companion. While Father Liscombe read it, Uncle Stanhope's gaze was far away and a furrow between his eyes. This is what Father Liscombe read:

Norfolk, Va., Sept. —.

Dear Aunt Charlotte:

Mother was buried last Tuesday and I'm alone in the world, and penniless. Everything we possessed in the world was eaten up by the expenses of mother's illness and funeral. Her last wish was that I should come to you, and I'm coming. But I warn you before I get there that nobody can boss me. I play some on the piano (I hope you have a Steinway). I sing a little (soprano). I can embroider. I paint plates and things, and mother always praised my cooking. But for heaven's sake don't ask me to wash dishes. It makes my hands too hard and rough. Let me warn you, Aunt Charlotte, before I come that I am considered very beautiful. The men here are just crazy about me, and I get no end of invitations. What I'll do in the country, I can't imagine. Are there any unmarried men down there? Not that I'm looking for a husband, oh, no! But I don't want to go running around with other women's husbands. That gets you into too much trouble. A girl got shot here the other day by an irate wife for that,

and a good girl, too. I hope you won't expect me to be too religious. Father had none at all, and mother had a little, and so, I never joined any church; just went to Sunday school sometimes in the different churches, for fun, but I never went up to the "mourners' bench" and never "got religion" as they call it. As I said, I'm penniless and I have no profession. You couldn't expect a Southern girl to cook for a living, and the market is overstocked with music teachers, and painting plates don't pay. I have just about enough money to buy my ticket to Pulaski. I have four dresses, but they're all about worn out, besides getting out of style. Maybe they're good enough for the country. I forgot to mention above that I'm an elegant seamstress. Wait, Aunt Charlotte, till I make you a new dress. Your own mother wouldn't know you. I'm anxious to see what kind of man that is you married. Moriarty! Who would ever have imagined that any of my relations would ever have such a name? I imagine it's Irish. I hope he's not close-fisted. If he is, good-bye. I'm leaving here tonight, and I expect to be there close on the heels of this letter. Don't bother about me in Pulaski. I'll find some place to hang out, and I'll let you know about coming after me. Please give me a South room if you have one. I hope you have a good sleeping porch, as I live in the open. Of course you have lots of horses and dogs. I just dote on them. I had the finest riding pony in Norfolk, but I was obliged to sell him to pay mother's bills. I must hurry now to get this to the mail, or I'll get there ahead of it.

With love till I see you,

JANICE DANGERFIELD.

The two men looked at each other and burst out laughing, and so long and loud was their laughter that Charlotte came out.

"What is the source of your amusement?" she asked, seating herself. Uncle Stanhope waved the letter at her.

"This!" he exclaimed. "We'll have a white elephant on our hands now. What do you think, am I close-fisted?"

"She'll put some life into this neck of woods," said Father Liscombe, "and, if I'm not very much mistaken, Stanhope, you'll have to mount guard in front of the house with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with ham-fat to keep the swains away."

"I'm in a perfect quandry to know what to do or think," broke in Charlotte. "All my idyllic plans about a life of quiet and peace in the

country are knocked sky-high by the advent of this charmer. Of course she'll have the house full of beaux and belles all the time. I suppose I'll have to let her have 'Black Bess' to knock around the country. There'll be a job for you, Father," turning to Father Liscombe, "to put some religion into her."

"Oh, well, we'll see," he replied. "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it. Let us not try to cross the bridge until we come to it."

"Keep 'Black Bess' for your own exclusive use," said Uncle Stanhope. "I'll let her have 'Butter Ball' for her riding horse. If she's fond of riding she can ride some of the fat off him."

Just then there was a ring at the phone, and Charlotte hurried to answer, Uncle Stanhope rising and following her to the door, where he stood in expectancy, Father Liscombe rocking quietly and puffing at his cigar, while he too was on the *qui vive* to hear what was coming. This is what they heard:

"Hello!" said Charlotte. "Oh! is that you, Patrick? How's everybody? What! Last night? We just got her letter a little while ago and were talking about it when you rang. How in the world did she ever find you? Seeing the sights? All day? All right, we'll be ready for you," and the phone snapped into its place.

"She'll be here tomorrow forenoon," said Charlotte. "Patrick and Karl and the girls are bringing her out in a roadster, with her trunk. I would have called her to the phone, but Mr. Maloney has a crowd of them for an all-day trip on the house-boat."

In the soft September evening the three sat there and chatted until the far away hoot of an owl reminded them that the evening was far spent, and each retired to their couch with no small curiosity as to what the morrow would bring forth. And you may be sure that the mental picture of Janice Dangerfield in the mind of each was a very different picture. That letter had set them all guessing.

About twenty-four hours earlier when the train from the North rolled into the Pulaski station and had come to a stand-still, a young lady clad in a dove-colored traveling suit, wearing a rain-coat, a veiled canary bird cage hanging on her left arm and a small bag in her right hand alighted, and after one glance around, entered the station. A darkey chauffeur tipped his hat: "Taxi, Miss?"

"Yes," giving him the bag. "Is the Post Office closed?"

"No, Ma'am. Don't close till nine o'clock."

"Then, drive me directly to the Post Office," said the girl. In a few moments the taxi stopped in front of a large, well-lighted building.

"Stay here until my return," said Janice as she disappeared into the building. She made straight for the "General Delivery." "Has Mr. Stanhope Moriarity got a box here?" she inquired.

"No," replied the clerk. "He's on a rural route 18 miles out."

"I'm his niece. Does the rural delivery take passengers? I want to go out there."

"No," said the clerk, "he rides an old mule. Moriarity's sister lives right up the street. She might help you out. They're always going in and out."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Janice. "Where do they live?"

"Why—er—I don't know the exact number. Wait—there's some mail here for them for the morning delivery. I may find the number. Yes—here—1040 Broad St."

"Thank you! I might bring that mail to them. They'd be glad to get it."

The clerk looked her over. "O, I reckon you could."

A few minutes more and the taxi stopped with a snort in front of the Maloney gate.

"Take my bag and cage," said Janice to the chauffeur. The Maloney's were at supper, when an emphatic ring at the door bell broke into their conversation.

"I'll go," said Patrick rising. "I'm the handy man around here you know."

"Yes, indeed," jibed Willie, "you're very handy with your tongue."

When Patrick opened the front door, he was dazzled by the vision of a beautiful girl who at once said smilingly: "Is this Maloney's?"

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Patrick with some hesitation.

"I'm the new mail-carrier," said Janice, "and here's some mail for you." Patrick took the bundle of letters with some hesitation. Janice laughed merrily, the negro grinning wide-mouthed.

"My name is Janice Dangerfield," pursued the girl, "and I'm your Uncle's niece from Norfolk; therefore, I'm your cousin."

"My uncle!" ejaculated Patrick.

"Yes, Mr. Stanhope Moriarity out in the piney woods. He married my Aunt Charlotte, and I'm going out there to live with 'em. Ugh!—and I came here to see if you can't bring me out there."

"Why certainly," stammered Patrick, "sure, you're welcome—come

in. But we didn't know—they didn't let us know a word about it." Janice pealed out a merry laugh.

"Of course they didn't. They don't know it themselves. I don't believe they got my letter yet." Then leaning close to Patrick she whispered: "Pay the chauffeur, and let him go. I haven't enough left to buy a sandwich. And look out for 'Fife', my poodle, in that cage." Patrick stepped onto the porch, paid the darkey, took the bag and cage from him and together the two walked into the dining room.

"Our cousin from Virginia, come to pay us a visit," and Patrick grinned at the surprised family. "Miss—er—what did you say your name is?" (sotto voce).

"Janice Dangerfield is my name. I'm Charlotte Moriarity's niece—her sister's daughter—and—"

"O you're perfectly welcome," said Mrs. Maloney taking Janice in her arms. "It's so sudden—such a surprise—we didn't know you were expected." Then for a few minutes there were introductions and kissing and handshaking, and then, after a little wash Janice sat down at Mr. Maloney's right, opposite Patrick, whom she bombarded with her beautiful eyes, addressing him as "Cousin Pat" and supper was prolonged with great merriment, as Janice detailed the adventures of her trip, especially how a coffin drummer tried to start a flirtation and how she threw his hat out of the train window.

"But it served him right—served him right," she giggled, "next time he'll learn to mind his own business and let 'Fife' alone."

Patrick thought it was great, and Willie listened all eyes and ears. But afterwards Mrs. Maloney remarked to Grace: "She's brilliant and beautiful—but an undisciplined nature. What under heaven will Stanhope do with her out there?"

Before they went to bed that night it was all arranged that Mr. Maloney would take a party for an all-day trip on the "Stella Maris" and the day after Karl and Patrick and the girls would accompany her out to "Pine Grove".

The next morning at Pine Grove everything seemed to follow the regular routine and to be as calm and placid as a summer sea, but beneath the surface there was considerable activity, and a kind of suppressed excitement. Aunt Liza, the cook, and her daughter Sue were in their best bib and tucker, having received orders to prepare and serve a turkey dinner for 12. Charlotte was busy picking out some extra pieces of china from Uncle Stanhope's oaken chest. She wasn't

altogether sure whether she would like Janice or not, but she was determined to put the best face possible on it, and mother the girl as well as she could. She was already wondering in her heart whether Janice or herself was to be the boss. The idea was intolerable that a young girl, entirely dependent, should assume airs of independence, go and come whenever it pleased her, and flout all control. At the same time she felt a deep pity for the poor girl left all alone in the world, and appealing to her for a home and protection. However, she kept her thoughts to herself, and resolved to await developments. As for Uncle Stanhope, he liked Janice's breezy style and admired her frankness. She might be very useful with her music and singing, and other accomplishments, and even though fifty, he was still sport enough to enjoy a good hunt, or horse race, or dog-fight, or anything that would set the heart pumping a little faster. And then a young girl of that age would surely make the old place look and feel more home-like. So, he had resolved to like her and make her feel at home. "Butter Ball" should be her riding horse, and he had already planned in his own mind to buy her a nice side-saddle and other equipment. Her liking for dogs and horses pleased him too; and, as to the Steinway, that might come some day. Just at present, all his thoughts were taken up with the building of the chapel and Father Liscombe's bungalow. After breakfast he had mounted "Tilden" and gone for a tour of inspection around the plantation, and on his return had "dolloed" himself up in a "boiled shirt" and his new grey suit and was now sitting on the front porch reading a newspaper and awaiting the arrival of the guests.

Father Liscombe, too, a man of travel and culture, quite a psychologist, looked forward to Janice's coming with a quickened pulse. Being a priest, he was naturally a "hound of heaven", and he already scented the quarry in a "brand to be drawn from the burning". From the contents of her letter he had visualized a handsome girl, intelligent and conceited and one thoroughly spoiled by parental indulgence. Still a soul was a soul, and he wouldn't mind teaching her the true religion, if the soil was good. After breakfast he had made his "office" and written a couple of letters, and now, like Uncle Stanhope, was sitting on the porch immersed in a magazine, awaiting the arrival of the party from town.

About ten o'clock Eben came around the corner of the house.

"They're comin', Marse Stanhope, I seed 'em coming down Parker's hill yonder." Sure enough, in a moment more, you could see them

coming around a copse of sweet-gum trees at a bend of the road, and now they dash up to the front gate; and now Karl throws on the brakes; and as Uncle Stanhope and Charlotte rush up, the auto comes to a halt and the party begins to alight.

Janice threw herself into Charlotte's arms and kissed her again and again. Then holding her at arm's length she exclaimed ecstatically: "You're the very image of mother," and then she kissed her again.

To Uncle Stanhope she extended her right hand. "So you're Uncle Stanhope," she exclaimed. "I've just been dying to see you. I hope you'll like me," and then before anyone had any intimation of what she was going to do, she threw her arms around his neck and gave him a resounding smack.

"Well," she said apologetically, "you know he's my uncle," and walking between them she led the way up to the house where Father Liscombe having arisen stood awaiting them with a smile on his lips.

"Meet Father Liscombe, our Chaplain," said Charlotte. Janice extended a shapely hand on which gleamed an emerald ring.

"Chaplain, did you say? What in the world do you do here in the woods?" Father Liscombe's smile deepened as he replied:

"A little of everything. I pray some, I write, I walk a little, ride a little, hunt occasionally, and I have service every morning. But when our chapel is finished I expect to be much more busy spreading the Kingdom of God. I hope to convert all the negroes on the place, and who knows but that I may make a Catholic of you." Janice laughed heartily.

"Of me! The world is good enough for me and my barque doesn't need a sky pilot," she flung back. "Come, Aunt Charlotte, and show me my room."

Father Liscombe took Karl and Patrick to show them the site of the chapel and his bungalow and when they returned they found the girls with Charlotte and Uncle Stanhope in an animated conversation on the front porch. Karl threw himself down on the steps near Grace, Patrick found a chair beside Janice, and it soon became evident to all that beauty was casting its spell over him. He sat like one entranced, his eyes fixed upon the beautiful, ever changing countenance of Janice, who recognizing her power wielded her sceptre like a little queen.

Father Liscombe, somewhat apart, silent, watched the little drama being more and more convinced as he listened to Janice's words, that his mental picture of her drawn from the letter was a true one: a

superb animal, spoiled with much flattery and adulation, self-conceited to the last degree. "Time will tell," he said to himself. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

The dinner bell rang and with much joking and laughter they all filed into the dining room.

(To be continued.)

A REPRIMAND AND A REPLY

General Petain, one of the big men of the war, is evidently the sort of Catholic who is able to take care of himself. One day, before the war and whilst only a colonel, he was called to task by his superior officer for attending Mass. His reply is a splendid piece of manliness. The superior officer sent the following reprimand:

"My Dear Colonel: I hear that some officers of your regiment assist at Holy Mass in their uniforms. As this is against the army regulations, it can no longer be tolerated, and therefore I ask you to send me the names of those officers."

Colonel Petain answered as follows:

"My Dear General: It is true that some officers of my regiment are wont to assist at Holy Mass in their uniforms, and their colonel is one of them. As, however, he always sits in front, he does not know the names of those behind him.—Petain."

On another occasion the Colonel said:

"I go to Mass every morning because I am a convinced Catholic,—and I go to Vespers in the evening, in order to give those who do not approve of my assisting at Holy Mass an opportunity of criticising me."

"The modern world will accept no dogmas upon any authority; but it will accept any dogmas upon no authority. Say that a thing is so, according to the Pope or the Bible, and it will be dismissed as a superstition without examination. But preface your remark merely with 'they say,' or 'don't you know that,' and the keen rationalism of the modern mind will accept every word you say."

"Many things appear to us to be misfortune; but if we knew the reason why God permits them we should clearly see that they are graces."—*St. Alphonsus*.

Catholic Anecdotes

LONGER NOT GREATER

One day Napoleon was searching for a book in his library at Malmaison; and after looking for it a long time, at last discovered it on a high shelf, quite beyond his reach.

"Permit me to get it for you, sire," said a Marshal of the Empire who towered above everyone in the room. In handing the book to Napoleon, he remarked: "I happen to be higher than your Majesty."

"You are only longer, Marshal," replied the Emperor with a frown. For "the Little Corporal", as he was called, was always displeased when reminded of his stature.

A man's true worth is measured by his character.

—*Ave Maria.*

SETTING THE MONSIGNOR RIGHT

Monsignor Croke Robinson, a well-known English preacher, who died some time ago, was once giving a Retreat to some Sisters of Mercy. This day he had just finished giving the Meditation of Death, and felt, as usual, overstrained and overwrought. He went into the convent garden for a little relief. There he saw an old Irish Lay Sister at work; and going up to her, he spoke out his heart.

"O Sister," he said, "I am so terrified at the thought of death!"

She looked up at him, and with the holy freedom of her race, replied:

"Then, Father, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The aged Monsignor was startled for a moment, and said:

"Sister, what do you mean?"

"I mean," she answered, "that God has taken care of you all through your life. Ought you not then to be ashamed of yourself if you distrust His loving-kindness just for the moment when you will need it most?"

"Thank you, Sister," was all the Monsignor replied at the time. But he later, in telling Father Vassel-Phillips about the matter, assured him that this simple reply changed the whole tenor of his thoughts. As a fact, Monsignor Robinson died a most peaceful and happy death.

THE STORY OF THE PASSING OF ST. FRANCIS

Now it presently came to pass that the bodily sickness of blessed Francis increased very greatly, so that he learnt by the mouth of one of his Brothers that he had not long to live.

And at that news the heart of Francis was filled with gladness, and he bade the Brethren come to his bedside and sing to him once more his "Canticle of Brother Sun".

And when they had so done, he added in his fervour of joy, yet one more verse. This is the order of it:

Praise be to Thee, O Lord, for Sister Death

From whom no living man can flee;

Blessed are they whose will is one with Thine—

To them shall Sister Death be truest friend.

Then there came to him Brother Elias, stern of face and heart, and rebuked him for his singing, saying that the men of the city were asking: "How is it that he thus openly rejoices, he who is about to die?"

But Francis answered: "Leave me, Brother, to rejoice in the Lord and in the sickness that He sends me; for by His grace I am so united and wedded to my Lord that I can well be merry in the Most High".

It was late in the summer that they carried Francis down for the last time to his beloved Little Portion (Porziuncula), where he had made his earliest home after his conversion. Over the road he had so often tramped they carried him, blind and helpless, upon his bed; and from the bend of the hill he turned his sightless eyes for the last time upon Assisi, the city of his love.

Then, when the hour of his departing drew very nigh, the Brothers once more gathered round him and sang to him the Canticle of Brother, Sun; and he blessed them all, and broke bread and gave a portion to each as a remembrance of the love which existed between them. And they wept that he should leave them; but Francis, with a loud voice, cried out:

"Welcome, Sister Death! Thou art to me the gate of life!"

Then he bade them lay him on the ground on sackcloth and ashes, that he might keep his vow of poverty to the very end; and just after the sun had set, he died.

Outside the cell a great number of larks sang Vespers overhead, as a bright ray of light, borne by a little cloud, passed upward to the sky.

From A Little Book of St. Francis and His Brethren.

A LITTLE SLIP OF PAPER

A priest, walking along the street one day, was met by a young man, who saluted him politely, and wished to speak to him.

"I think," said the young man scrutinizing the priest, "I think I saw you before, Father, did I not? In the Church at X?"

"Possibly," replied the priest. "I have often preached there."

"Well," continued the young man, "do you remember how one day, when you were about to descend the pulpit, a poor old widow handed you a slip of paper with a request that the congregation might pray for her poor wayward boy?"

"Yes, yes," answered the priest, now becoming interested. "I remember it very well. There was such deep sorrow written on that dear old face."

"I am that boy!" said the young man. "Let me tell you about it. That very Sunday morning I was out with a gang on the way to a saloon. We were just passing the church, when someone—I don't know what inspired him—said: 'Let's go in and have some fun! We'll upset the services!'—So we all went in; I was afraid to back out. Just as we entered, the old lady handed you the slip of paper and you proceeded to read it aloud. I cannot describe the impression it made on me that very instant. I did not know of course who the widow was; but I thought of my own poor mother. I had entered to laugh—but laugh I could not. And as the prayers of the people went up, I was wholly changed. I let my companions go out laughing at me and ridiculing me. I stayed for the sermon, then went to confession, received Holy Communion on the following Sunday, and from a thorn in my mother's side became the joy of her heart. Oh, how much better it feels."—From *Bible Narratives*.

EXPULSIVE POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION

Dr. Chalmers, riding on a stage-coach by the side of the driver, said:

"John, why do you hit that off-horse such a crack with your lash?"

"Away yonder," said he, "is a white stone; that off-leader is afraid of that stone, so by the crack of my whip and the pain in his legs, I want to get his idea off from it and make him forget about it."

Dr. Chalmers went home, and elaborated the idea, and wrote: "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection".

Pointed Paragraphs

THE HAND ON THE THROTTLE

We were standing out on the platform of the railway station of a little country town. The Coast Train was just steaming out, making the frail little shanty of a station tremble and creak. Said the agent:

"There goes the best engineer on the road; always to be depended on, always punctual. Did you notice his hand on the throttle while he was talking to me? He was ready to start on the instant. That's Johnson all over. I knew him about thirty years ago, when we were both boys. There was a race one time. Two boys started, side by side. Johnson started on the shot—just a second or two before the other; yet it brought him in six inches ahead at the finish."

"And what's become of the other boy?" I asked.

"The other boy? He's the ticket agent at a little country station," he replied with a sad smile.

It is the secret of getting away to a good start.

Lent is coming early this year. The Christmas feeling is hardly worn off. But, never mind, get away to a good start—right from the first day—Ash Wednesday, February 9.

THE WAY TO TRIUMPH

You cannot run away from a weakness—no matter what it is: whether it be idle day dreaming or illicit pleasure seeking, whether it be lying abed beyond time in the morning or forgetfulness, whether it be slovenliness or self-conceit, whether it be untruthfulness or drink; you must sometime fight it out or perish. If that be so, why not now and where you stand?

Lent is the best of seasons for deciding the conflict. Every weakness of the kind is rooted in some weakness of the will, some vent of the appetites which you have not in your control.

Make your Lenten fast, if possible, a conscious effort to gain control of these appetites or passions. Or supply it by other little sacri-

fices made with the full power of the will and adhere to them carefully. Then turn your will power upon some positive good, like attention to morning and evening prayer, attendance at the Lenten devotions, care in the fulfillment of your daily work.

Do this not simply out of a proud spirit of self-advancement, but to please God and to bring out more clearly the image of Himself which He stamped upon your soul in Baptism, and Lent will end in a glorious triumph for you—a glad Easter.

FROM THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER

On Christmas Day according to an ancient custom, the Sacred College of Cardinals offered their greetings to the Holy Father. He made a short speech in reply, in which, after thanking them for the sentiments expressed in their greetings, he referred to the troubled times through which the world is now passing.

"The world," he said, "is afflicted today by five great plagues." These he then enumerated as being: The negation of authority, hatred among brothers, thirst for pleasure, disgust for work, and forgetfulness of the supernatural objects of life.

For these, he said, there is but one remedy: the lessons of the Gospel of our divine Saviour. These lessons he would never cease to recall to the minds of men, because this is his mission, this is the intention nearest to his heart.

PIETY, MANHOOD, AND A MAN'S WORK

Many a young man, who in the days of his earlier teens appeared at the Communion rail every Sunday or oftener, as soon as he gets his head well over the fence of twenty, gives up that practice. Too much piety or too much prayer—that seems to be the unspoken reason at the bottom—isn't good for him. It might make him just a little different, you know—not such a manly man as others—it might take the "pep" out of him.

How far this is from the truth we have often tried to show, by appealing to such makers of the world's most glorious history as O'Connell, Windhorst, Lord Russell, Count de Mun, Frederic Ozanam, Judge Taney, and a host of others.

During the last football season this was again recalled by an inter-

view with Charles Morah, Coach of the Centre College Football Team, printed in the Literary Digest. There is the punch of a scrimmage in his words.

"He once played big league baseball and professional football on the Massillon Tigers. He has the chest and shoulders of Anak—and a wallop in either hand. He bears a facial resemblance to John McGraw in the days before McGraw was as beefy as he is today. He has knocked all over the country as a professional athlete, but he retains the simple religious faith of Horse Neck Cave, Ky. One doesn't have to be a pussyfoot to hold religious convictions, he said. He's taken his share of hard knocks, and has given them.

"'But it's always been stand up, face to face. Down in my country I never heard that being a Christian took anything out of a man. In fact, you take a clean, right-thinking, upright man and put him against someone with a mean, dirty mind and unrighteous disposition, and see who comes out on top. Yes, you may print all this if you want. I'd like to have you, because I'm proud of it. Don't let anyone tell you that because they have faith and believe in prayer Centre College players aren't battlers. Ask any team that's played against 'em. Ask West Virginia'."

UP, CATHOLIC MEN

It is a stirring, enthusiastic appeal that a layman, Michael Slattery, LL. D., makes to his fellow Catholics. In an article contributed to the January Queen's Work, he addresses to them some manly words, inspired apparently by our Holy Father's late pronouncement on the five great plagues afflicting the world today. And he sees what a lion's share of the work and battle belongs to the layman.

"It is the hour of opportunity for our laymen," he says; "an opportunity that never before was equalled. And opportunity is but another name for duty. The hierarchy visualizes the dangers ahead, maps out the plan of action, and calls to the layman for the execution of the plan. The hierarchy can do no more than give the leadership. It is for us, men of America, to do the rest. By the very circumstance of our position here, Our Holy Mother the Church looks to us, her youngest children in the Faith, not only to be leaders in all things Catholic, but to be exemplars among the nations of the world."

And our Catholic Young Men have a prominent part to take in this work for the betterment of the world.

"It is the day of the young!" exclaimed a Catholic prelate, speaking at a recent convention. "Let us make way for the young in the Church!" And the crowd, clergy and laymen, cheered to the echo.

"Up, Catholic men! Apathy means defeat," says Mr. Slattery. "There can be no indifference. Indifference would be heinous in this hour. There can be no cowardice. Cowardice would challenge heaven's wrath in such a crisis. To fight for God is to fight for country. If it is sweet to die for country, how sweeter far to live and labor for God and motherland. Ours is the sublimest call that can come to the human heart. Surely, no Catholic individual or society will fail to heed it, ready or eager for any sacrifice, for every service."

MORE HEAT THAN LIGHT!

"The American spirit," orated the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of Auditorium Church of Chicago, "was derived from the Pilgrim Fathers, but it existed before their day. * * * The Pilgrims were great because they laid emphasis on personality. They did not believe that men should be machines doing as the State ordered them. They believed the government existed not for the state but for the citizens. They believed religion existed not for religion's sake, but for the sake of man."

Strange! Yet history records the unshakable facts that no state had such stringent blue laws as the Pilgrims. No community was so bigoted and tried so hard to force its own religion on all comers as the Pilgrims. No room for a Catholic or a Quaker among them. Either these phrases of the Rev. Dr. are devoid of all meaning or they are false.

Had he looked at the Catholic Colony of Maryland he would have found where the American spirit came from.

Give the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of getting on in the world, says Capper's Weekly. The answer is: Get on; get honor; get honest.

For giving the face a good color, get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there.

Catholic Events

During the latter part of December the Holy Father issued four pronouncements of the highest importance.

The first dealt with the recalcitrant priests of Czecho-Slovakia. In it he condemns the organization which these priests formed as schismatic, and declared that the Church will never abolish or mitigate the law of celibacy for the clergy, nor introduce the other changes for which they are clamoring. He praises the priests of German nationality and those Czecho-Slovak clergy who abandoned the union.

The second deals with the Missions. The Holy Father deplors the difficulties imposed on Catholic Missions by the execution of the Versailles Treaty. A spirit of equity, he says, marked the formulation of the articles of the treaty affecting missions, but a like spirit has not characterized their execution. His repeated protests were unheeded, and he now denounces the painful condition.

The third deals with the evils of the day. It was his Christmas allocution to the Cardinals, in which he pointed out the five plagues afflicting society today. We quote it in the Pointed Paragraphs.

The fourth deals with the spirit of indifferentism. In this decree, which issues directly from the Holy Office, he invites the Bishops to give their attention to lay organizations promoting, under the pretext of sport and recreation, religious indifferentism among youth. He indicates the Y. M. C. A. by name. You will find it discussed in the QUESTION BOX, in reply to an inquiry.

* * *

The contributions of the Holy Father this year for the relief of the starving and suffering children in different countries of Europe exceeded fifteen million lire.

* * *

On December 18, King Christian X of Denmark and Queen Alexandra were received by the Pope in solemn audience. It is almost four centuries and a half since a Danish Prince in the person of Christian I, did homage to the Pope.

* * *

January 4, 1921, was the centenary of the death of Elizabeth Bayley Seton. She was born of non-Catholic parents on August 28, 1774, and married to William Magee Seton in 1794. Even before her conversion her kindness won her the title of "Protestant Sister of Charity". While travelling in Italy she came under the spell of the Church: she made a thorough study of the Faith, and then, despite persecution, estrangements, suffering and poverty, joined the Church. In 1809 she founded the Society of the Sisters of Charity at Emitsburg. Today the order counts almost 6,000 members. Her cause of Beatification is being prepared for introduction.

As yet there is no sign of peace in Ireland. The policy and action of the British Government is condemned even by Englishmen. For instance:

Mrs. Virginia Crawford, an Englishwoman and well-known writer on social questions, says: "From Dublin I went across into Galway, . . . Although the whole district has been remarkably quiet, a body of Black and Tans were quartered in a village, and numerous arrests had been made. A terrible feature is the number of floggings that take place, men being dragged from their beds at night and beaten with the butt ends of rifles by the Black and Tans, or if caught away from home, not only flogged, but compelled to walk home naked. . . The brutalities culminated, as everyone knows, in the terrible murder of Father Griffin, a priest who took no part in politics, but who was guilty of having heard the dying confession of the man Quirke, shot by the Black and Tans."

* * *

His Eminence, Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, is seriously ill. His people are literally in mourning for him as for a father. He will leave two great monuments to his diocese: one is the Catholic University of Milan; the other, in some respects still nobler, is the "Casa del Popolo", or "People's House". This establishment is to meet all the social and domestic needs of the working population of Milan. There will be dormitories with thousands of beds for workmen, "people's kitchens," baths, reading rooms, dining rooms. There will be a department for commercial schools of shorthand, typewriting, accountancy, etc.; departments of electricity, chemistry, textile industry, etc.; boarding rooms for university and college students, and a popular theater.

For the direction of this immense undertaking, a community dedicated entirely to Catholic action has been formed. It is composed of a number of priests and young men, who will dedicate their lives to the carrying on of this vast social organization. They will not be a religious body.

* * *

In Portugal Catholic life and activities, after ten years of revolution and persecution, seem to be in a most flourishing condition. According to the Lisbon correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano*, one of the most important factors in this religious revival, is the association or League of the "Catholic Youth" of Portugal. With its branches in every large city of the republic, the association united the younger men together and taught them the need of strength and discipline.

* * *

According to the *Christian Advocate* (Prot.), a campaign for \$5,000,000 was recently launched by the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Each member is to contribute at least ten dollars during a four year period. Of this sum \$2,500,000 is to be spent on education, and \$1,500,000 for Church extension and missions among the colored. The rest is to be devoted to "evangelism", the support of superannuated preachers and social service.

"Today," declared Senator King of Utah in the Senate last winter, "the Federal Government is asked to build our roads and our bridges, to care for our schools, our health, our lives, and our property, and soon these centralizationists and bureaucrats will tell us what we must wear and what we must eat." And he added: "Bureaucracy is today so insinuating, that the internal affairs of the State are rapidly coming under its control, and the Federal officer may soon destroy home authority and parental responsibility.

As examples of this witness the prohibition act—the Capper-Fess physical education bill—the Sheppard-Towner maternity bill—and the Smith-Towner education bill. As America puts it: "After fighting for freedom, we are taking over from monarchical Europe the theory that the Government is all, and that the citizens may exist only in complete submission to Federal school-teachers, Federal nurses, Federal physical directors and examiners, none of whom need be physicians, Federal accoucheurs, and above all, Federal tax-gatherers for the sustenance of an army of Federal bureaucrats".

* * *

Negro Catholics of six parishes in New Orleans have organized themselves into an "army" to campaign for the fund of \$1,000,000 which Archbishop Shaw is to raise for a new Seminary.

* * *

The K. of C. Free Employment Bureau of Chicago closed its work with a record of 34,690 ex-service men and women placed in various positions during its twelve months' operation. The employers of Chicago offered the bureau a total of 47,201 positions, thus showing what confidence they placed in the K. of C. They received letters of commendation from Mayor Thompson and from the Chicago Association of Commerce.

* * *

In a resolution adopted by the Baptist Ministers' Conference in Chicago, Congress is asked to decline the offer made to the American Legion by the K. of C., to set aside \$5,000,000 of the order's welfare fund for a national headquarters for former soldiers at Washington.

* * *

Chief of Police Fitzmorris of Chicago, has issued instructions to the movie censors to issue no permits for pictures showing criminals at work, even though the criminals are depicted in cells, suffering for their crimes at the close of the picture. The chief's orders became known when Judge H. Friend sentenced three youths to serve from ten years to life in Pontiac Reformatory on charges of robbery. They learnt their crime from the movies.

Good. But why not apply the same reasoning to other crimes depicted in the movies?

* * *

Dr. James J. Walsh, M. D., K. S. G., of New York, noted historian, was elected president of the American Historical Association, at its first annual meeting in Washington, D. C. Next year's meeting is to take place in St. Louis, Dec. 28-31.

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Please note the attached clipping from the Chicago Daily News. (The clipping reads in part: "Vatican Assails Y. M. C. A.—Catholics warned against Body as Corrupting Faith of Youth. Rome, Italy, Dec. 23.—The Holy Office issued a decree today asking Catholic Bishops to watch 'an organization which, while professing absolute freedom of thought in religious matters, instills indifferentism and apostasy from the Catholic religion in the minds of its adherents.' The decree mentions the Y. M. C. A. by name, saying it is upheld by many Catholics who do not know its real nature. The decree says the organization corrupts the faith of youths.")

As I have heard on several occasions that a Catholic cannot hold any high office in this organization, I kindly ask you whether this assertion is true?—J. A. S.

In order to answer your question and explain the action of the Holy Office (department of the government of the Church dealing with matters of Faith and Morals), I can do no better than summarize for you a statement made public by Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., General Secretary of the N. C. W. C.

To understand the matter thoroughly we have to examine two things:

I. The Facts concerning the Y. M. C. A.

1. They claim to be a non-sectarian institution. The American public is accustomed to look on them as such in consequence of this claim.

2. In reality, however, they are, professedly and officially, a Protestant Evangelical association. No Catholic, no Episcopalian, no Jew, may hold office or become a full member. They are just as Protestant as any Catholic organization is Catholic.

3. They have done praiseworthy relief work during and after the war. We know too with what limitations.

4. The funds for this work were given by the entire American public, every class and members of every form

of belief contributing for purely welfare work. And the American people trusted that the workers would not introduce religious propaganda.

5. This trust they did not fulfil. They did introduce propaganda while working in France, Poland, Italy and Austria. Protests were made from time to time, and these protests substantiated with facts, by the Holy See, and by different Bishops of France, Poland and Italy.

II. Facts concerning the Decree of the Holy Office.

1. We have not as yet received the official text. The versions offered by various papers do not exactly agree in wording.

2. It is certain the decree is not directed to the people but to the Bishops of the Church.

3. It does not condemn the Y. M. C. A. for any humanitarian or relief work,—the only work for which it received funds. If they had adhered to that work, the Holy See would rather have praised them as it did praise Mr. Hoover in a personal letter.

4. It does condemn them for their insidious propaganda, and for this alone; and for this all the more rightly because it is taking so unfair advantage of starving people.

III. Conclusion. The Holy Office is therefore acting with a full knowledge of the facts. In principle, in common sense, what else could the Holy Office have done? What else is it asking but fairness?

Sergeant Jones and His Talks About Confession. By Rev. G. Bampton. Price five cents.

The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has added another to its long list of excellent pamphlets in explanation of Catholic doctrine. Just the thing to post yourself to be able to answer questions or objections about Confession, or to hand to some interested non-Catholic.

Some Good Books

The Paths of Goodness. By Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$1.50; postpaid \$1.60.

As in his previous books, so also in this one Father Garesche has jotted down for his readers some helpful thoughts on the spiritual life. He does not flatter his readers into believing themselves arrived at the goal of perfection. On the contrary, he takes it that they are mortals with many imperfections, but who, for all that, have an earnest goodwill, and only stand in need of enlightenment and encouragement to make slow but sure progress on the Paths of Goodness. Almost every one will find one or the other point that will help to make the faith they profess bear practical fruit in their daily life.

The Greater Love. By Chaplain George T. McCarthy. Extension Press, 180 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Price postpaid, \$1.50.

Chaplain McCarthy, facing death at Rembercourt in the St. Mihiel drive, vowed that if God permitted him to come through alive, he would write a book especially adapted to young people. "The Greater Love" is the fulfillment of this vow. Though it has war as its background, it is not a mere war book, but rather a book of adventure with a religious message which teaches that as man needed God in war—even so he needs Him in peace.

And the message is delivered in a way that will not repel even the most careless boy or young man, but will attract and draw him back to his faith and religious duty. Gently yet irresistibly is brought home to him the conviction that true happiness and greatness and nobility can be found only in a whole-souled fulfillment of duty.

In addition to its other valuable features, Father McCarthy's book contains sixteen full-page photographs, admirably illustrating the author's experiences and descriptions. Surely a gift which every wide-awake boy will appreciate.

A Little Book of St. Francis. By E. M. Wilmot Buxton. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.10; postpaid \$1.15.

The life-story of the Little Poor Man of Assisi and his Brethren possesses a charm that has been felt by many who are not of our holy faith. It has been told over and over again, and still bears retelling. In this neatly bound book of fifty pages you have it once more, quaintly told and no less quaintly illustrated. It reads like a fairy tale, and yet it is the sober truth—well adapted to impress modern minds with the sweet lessons of poverty and simplicity which St. Francis taught by his words and still better by his life.

Bird-a-Lea. By Clementia. Published by Extension Press, Chicago. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

To those who have read the two previous books by the same author—"Uncle Frank's Mary" and "The Quest of Mary Selwyn"—this new one will hardly need a recommendation. They will be glad to renew their acquaintances with Mary Selwyn, her parents, her Uncle Frank, as well as her chums and friends, and pass further happy hours in their cheerful company. But even should Sister Clementia's characters be strange to you, you need not hesitate meeting them in Bird-a-Lea, for this new book is complete in itself.

Bird-a-Lea is the third of a series of books written by Clementia, a Sister of Mercy, teaching in one of our convent schools. She found it almost impossible to keep the children quiet during the recreation period, and finally struck upon the plan of writing a story and reading a chapter at a time to them. To arouse the interest and enthusiasm of the children meant that the story must be particularly exciting and interesting. Though the books were written primarily for girls, we have adequate proof that they will prove no less interesting to grownups. Bird-a-Lea is a book of 240 pages with four illustrations, attractively bound in cloth, stamped in gold.

Lucid Intervals

District Attorney Jerome was "joshing" the late Cardinal Farley one day in a free and easy manner.

"Suppose," he asked at last, "that the Pope and the devil were to litigate a cause, which do you suppose would win?"

"The devil," said the Archbishop, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. "He would have all the lawyers on his side."

Minister—Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?

Miss Ala Mode—I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox-trot?

Rule two for motorists in Japan runs as follow: "When a passenger of the foot heave in sight tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor, and express by word of mouth the warning: Hi! Hi!"

First Private—Cooties never had any terrors for me in France.

First Private—When they bothered me at night I went down to the river and took off my clothes, which I sprinkled with salt. The cooties ate the salt and became thirsty. When they went to the water to drink I picked up my clothes and ran.

He—The artists whose painting show that angels are all women certainly didn't know women.

She—That is perhaps true. It may be that they only knew men.

An ancient story, a sharp jab at the House of Representatives, has been revived and is being passed about with twinkling eyes by Washington lately. A gentleman accompanied by his alert little son visited the Capitol one day while Congress was in session, the tale goes. The lad looked on with keen interest from the gallery, as the House came to order. Then, turning to his father, he said:

"Pop, why did the minister pray for all those men?"

"He didn't," the cynical parent re-

plied. "He took a look at 'em and then prayed for the country."

The Tenderfoot limped into camp. "What is the matter?" asked the Scoutmaster; "do your new shoes hurt?"

"No," replied the Tenderfoot, "but my feet do."

Just as the train was about to start, a very stout man struggled into a carriage and sank into a seat, breathing heavily.

A small boy who sat opposite appeared to be fascinated. His ardent gaze eventually began to annoy the fat man, who demanded angrily:

"What are you staring at me for?"

"Please, sir," replied the lad, "there's nowhere else to look."

Jones thought he would try one of those systems of physical development so widely advertised and sent for a pamphlet. One of the rules on the first pages ran as follows:

"After the morning bath take a deep breath, retain it as long as possible, then slowly expire."

He decided not to try the system.

When I came to this country she saw me off at the boat and wished me "bum voyage," and told me to write her if anything new came up. I wrote her eight times the next day.

The cat that nightly haunts my gate,
How heartily I hate her!

Some night she'll come and mew till late,

And then I'll mew-ti-later.

"Behind the altar," said the cathedral guide to a party of tourists, "lies Richard II. In the churchyard outside lies Mary Queen of Scots. And who"—halting above an unmarked flagging in the stone floor and addressing a tourist from London—"who do you think, sir, is a-lying 'ere on this spot?"

"Well," answered the Cockney, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

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